

The Normal Record.

JUNE, 1897.

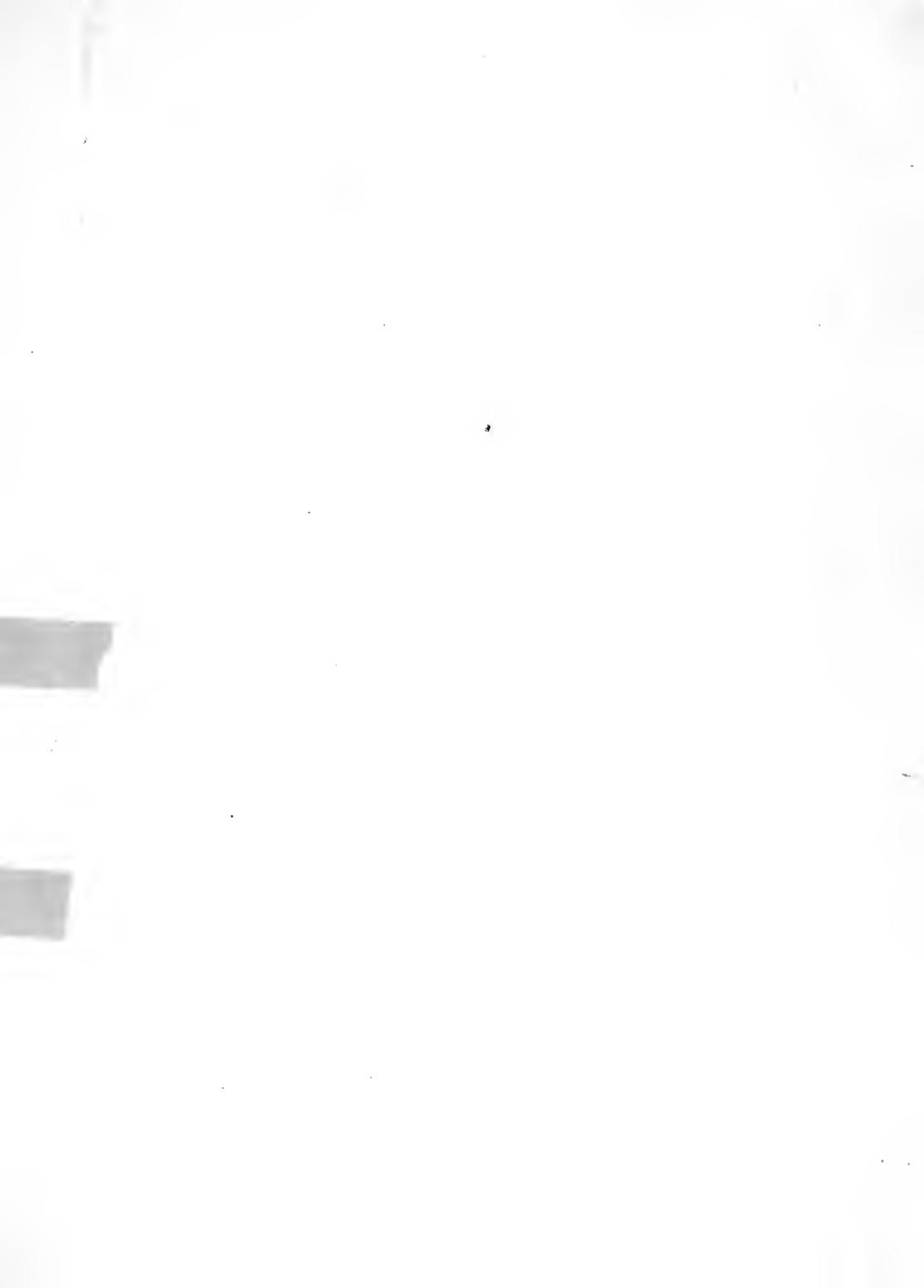
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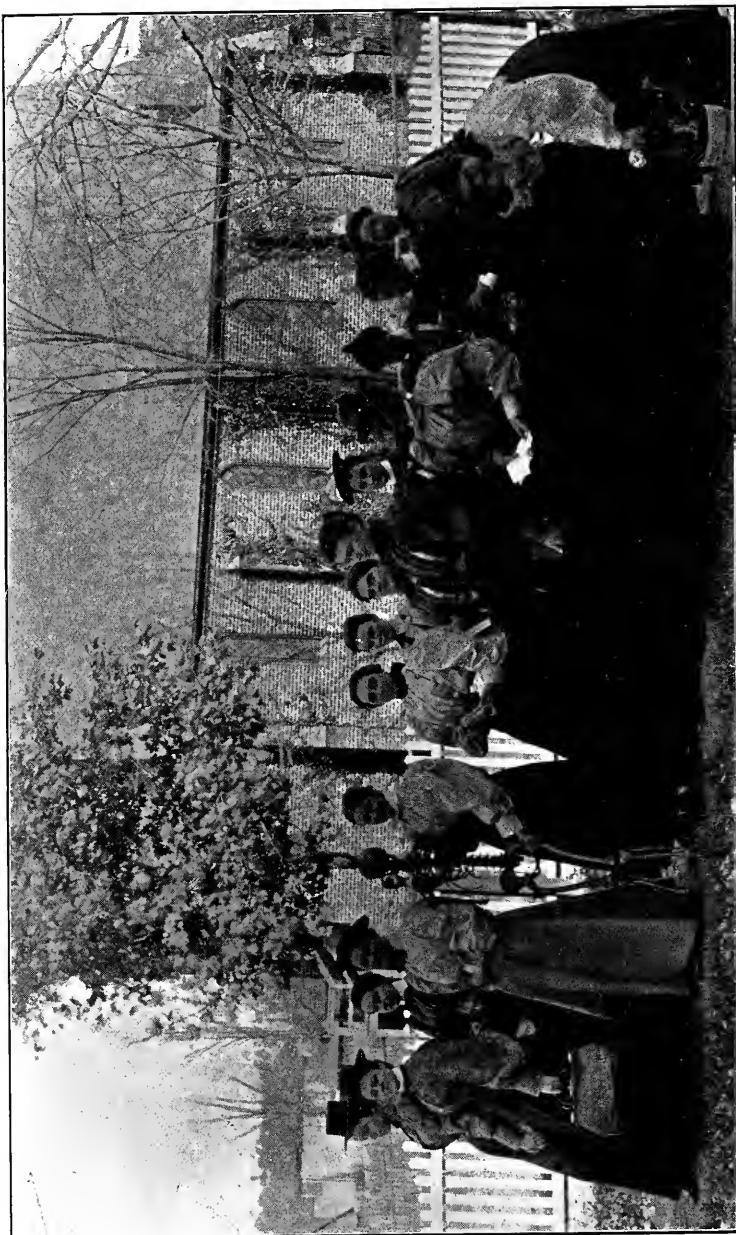
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State Female Normal School,
Farmville, Va.

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THE NORMAL RECORD.

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M. MEASE, June, '98.

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JUNE BLOSSOMS.

I.

HAIL to the bright June days, with their shady woods and grassy paths, along which the wild rose, studded with dew-drops and sprinkled with musk of the Orient, sends out its fugitive fragrance, a greeting to life and love. I throw my books aside, go into the old-fashioned garden; here I pluck a pale rose, which has dreamily slept through the night's noon; there June's crimson rose and the full-blown white rose with petals of snow; now one from the golden-gleaming roses, flowers of the moon. Neither would I forget the velvet rose with its soft petals, nor the pink rose with its delicate blush like that of an innocent maid; and still I add rose after rose until my bouquet is complete in overwhelming beauty. As the blossoms nestle among the green leaves, and I, with a feasting eye, note the individuality of each, its peculiar characteristic, and yet how well it fills its own place, making an harmonious effect, there is wafted before me another scene—a class of girl graduates. How symbolic one is of the other! There is the careful girl, the jolly girl, the witty girl, the impulsive girl, the warm hearted girl, and thus they continue to appear before me, each having a standard of her own. It is just such girls, careful, prudent, unselfish, tender and sympathetic, each filling her own place with cheerful heart, doing the work that God appoints; such as these who make up the great bouquet of life which freshens up and makes bright, happy homes. "They twine and weave the roses of heaven into the life of man; it is they that unite us in the fascinating bonds of love; and, concealed in the modest veil of the graces, they cherish carefully the external fire of delicate feeling with holy hands."

M. MEASE, *June, '98.*

IF A LITTLE CHILD COMES.

On a glorious summer evening, when the sun was in the west,
Lay a traveller weak and weary, and in direst need of rest.
"I must sleep! do not awake me," were his words to servants mild,
But, recalling childhood's glory, he explained, "but for a child."
There is something in this story that is like our Lord above,
Who was never yet too weary to resist a baby's love;
For we read in holy Scripture the sweet words to children dear:
"Suffer them; forbid them not; draw them to me ever near."

PATTIE JOHNS.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

LIKE storm-clouds drifted o'er a sunset red,
But ere the menace falls bright stars of gold
Break through the gloom, a future fair unfold,
The bars of blue across our banner spread.
That flag a brave and noble host has led,
Then filled with life and hope, or young or old;
Now strewn like leaves, wind-tossed upon the wold.
Before that flag an enemy has fled,
Not once, nor twice, but many times, and cheers
Of exultation rent the air. But when
The hour of darkness came and hope was dead,
Our flag, though drooping, fell not with our tears.
The stars uprose; from the blue sky again
Upon a land, peace-walled, their radiance shed.

CARRIE BROWN TALIAFERRO, '99.

LITERARY.

SUGGESTED BY THE STUDY OF A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

I.

WHEN and where I first met Eleonora I do not remember. But it requires no mental exertion for me to recall distinctly how she looked when I saw her then. Her face haunted me. Waking or sleeping, my visions, my dreams, were ever the same. I could think but of her, and my thoughts could be compared only to those of a man on the very verge of a precipice from which he could at any moment throw himself into the wildest haunts of madness.

But I was not mad, though hourly I lived in fear—fear of becoming a victim to dread insanity. I loved her with the purest love of heaven. I adored her, and yet I would rather have died than see her then. I tried to shun her, because when once in her presence I was oblivious to all the world. She had over me a strange and mesmeric power, which I dreaded.

Five years passed, years in which my life was part pain, much pleasure. To-night, as I sit in my room, my long since deserted room, a cold, unearthly home, the voices of generations resounding around me, she comes to me. Gently she places her hand on my shoulder. Ah! life would seem gloomy indeed without my beautiful, my tender Eleonora!

Would I dare attempt to paint her with words? No picture, however lovely, could be compared with her. The fairest angel in the most glorious realms above is not half so beautiful. She is tall and slender. Her skin rivals the purest ivory; the lofty and pale forehead is faultless. How can I mention a fault in connection with her? Nowhere can be seen the delicate outlines of a nose more nearly perfect; and the raven-like tresses, such luxuriant and naturally curling tresses! Then I looked into the eyes, those large, those shining, those divine orbs! They became to me the twin stars of Leda, and I to them the devoutest of astrologers. Ah! my beautiful Eleonora!

But something came and took her away from me. She no longer came to me. I missed her gentle footsteps in my study—so gloomy, and filled with those sounds that pierced my soul, that sank down to the very depths of my soul. Where was she? Could I never see her again?

She no longer haunted me in my waking hours; for I slept, and my sleep was like that of a dead man. While I thus slept, I dreamed of her. Ah, so vividly do I recall it all! I was no longer a victim to that awful disease. I was myself again. I again sat alone in my room, my eyes fixed on that spot where I had last seen her stand. Again I was terrified by the strange, weird sounds from the rustle of my curtains, those old dismal curtains; again my soul went out in fear. My eyes were fixed on the same spot; I was unable to move my position. I felt as if the iron hand of Death had me firmly in its grip. Suddenly it seemed to be drawn away. I looked up.

Before me hung a misty cloud, but in it I recognized Eleonora. She appeared to be asleep, as there was no apparent motion of the body. As if startled from her dream, she raised her head, opened her eyes—those eyes—those strange, piercing eyes. Would to God I had never seen them! They were ever present.

She faded away, I know not where, for again I was racked with the most terrible of dreams. I was awakened by my faithful attendant standing over me. He told me that on that night my wife, my adored but much-feared wife, had passed away. I remained in my room for days; no food passed my lips. I stayed there alone with my soul and unconscious of my surroundings. I saw nothing but those eyes, that stared unceasingly, unmercifully, gloomily. They haunted me always; they gleamed at me in the darkest hours of night.

I awoke. I was convalescent. I got up and wandered listlessly about the room. Above my piano—that time-honored piano, the only thing that imparted to me rest, that ever diverted my mind from its one thought, was hung a painting of Eleonora. I seated myself before it and played a few chords, while I gazed before me at the picture. I could not bear it; those tender eyes seemed to impel me forward; they seemed even to brighten occasionally with a smile, a fearful heart-rending smile. I arose and turned away.

For long hours I gazed into the open fireplace. I must do something to calm my nerves. In a fearful silence I took out my pipe and lighted it. Probably from the effect of my oft-repeated stimulant my eyes closed. I slept, but not peacefully, for my dreams were filled with horrible visions. How long I remained in this unconscious state I do not know. But I was awakened by strange, unfamiliar odors which seemed to penetrate my whole body. I looked for the cause of this, but could not find anything. The fire on the hearth had long since grown cold. I inhaled from my pipe smoke which almost strangled me. I looked up. On the table I noticed a sharp, keen, dagger-like knife. I did not know how it came there. Looking into my pipe, I saw something of a very peculiar shape. I attempted to take it out, but my fingers were burned. The pipe dropped heavily down from my hands. Out of it fell and lay gleaming and gazing up into my face the eyes of Eleonora.

LUCY DANIEL THORNTON, '99.

II.

I AWOKE—I started—started at what, the darkness? Where I was I knew not. I tried to think, but my thoughts seemed to forget everything except the darkness and desolation around me. I felt around—cautiously—so cautiously, but my arm was stiff and I could scarcely move it. I made the second effort to move it, and this time reached as far as I could. I felt nothing except the hard glassy-like floor on which I seemed to be lying. It was unearthly cold and damp. I felt my forehead to see if I, too, was damp and cold, but, no, I was not. My forehead was warm and moist, and—but what was that? I was not alone. I could hear the soft

regular tread of—I knew not what. I held my breath lest it might find me. But—the soft foot-steps became more distinct—nearer—nearer—alas, the breath of it upon my cheek made me shudder. I lay motionless, or, at least, as motionless as my extreme terror would let me.

Again I felt the light moist air upon my face, but this time I breathed more freely. The breath seemed more gentle. My eyes which were then shut close together, quickly—yet cautiously opened. Just then, something brushed by my arm which was lying on the floor almost incapable of motion. My whole body seemed paralyzed with fear. I trembled, tried to think, I looked; behold two sparks of fire met my view.

In a second these sparks of fire seemed to multiply by the thousands, and demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity glared upon me in every direction. I again shut my eyes and at every thought of those vicious orbs starting at me a shiver ran over my body. All was silence—all was terror.

After many minutes of this terrible awe, or more nearly frenzy, I began to grow unconscious. The glare of the demon eyes faded from my view, and I began to dream of peace and all that was beautiful. Everything melted into happiness, but, in the midst of all this, I suddenly became aware of my situation again. I sprang up when I realized it.

In this awful moment, I heard the soft tread—near it seemed—oh, so near. I dared not open my eyes, fearing that they would meet with the terrible glare that I had experienced before. I held my breath, for, perhaps it was some wild animal, and if it came close to me it would think that I was dead. Again I tried to think, but I had no other thoughts than those of my prison. Once more I opened my eyes and peeped at—what? darkness? No, this time I could see a faint ray of light which came through a small hole in the wall. I looked at it, but still I could not go to it.

Suddenly, oh, so suddenly the ray of light disappeared, where I could not see. All was darkness again. There was a noise on the outside which sounded like the hum of many voices. I sprang up, and shut my eyes as tightly as I could, but then—a shriek! Something seized me; every nerve in my body quivered. I was so frightened that my eyes flew open before I knew it, and—“O mother! Is it you? Where have I been? Take me out of here.”

The mother was almost as much frightened as her little son, and she was as glad to see him as he was to be taken out of the dark closet in which he had fallen asleep. As she took him up in her arms and carried him, Rosalind, the old pet cat, came out behind them. Rosalind wore on her face a very peaceful expression, and did not look as though her eyes could frighten anyone.

LUCY ELIZABETH WRIGHT, '99.

A NATURAL PROCEEDING.

To one who has become a confirmed old maid for many years past, it is interesting to observe “the ways of man and eke of woman.” Especially is it interesting to notice the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be so grave and scientific a study as Math., but it is certainly as interesting.

I have, therefore, derived much pleasure since I have had charge of this school from observing my two oldest pupils, Inez and her lover. She has all that delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest. He is somewhat more mature-looking than she, and, if I am not mistaken, regards her as the butterfly does the flower around which he is continually hovering in the breeze.

It was several days ago that I saw them slowly sauntering homeward from school; she in a girlish attitude, with a bunch of little blue daisies in one hand, and with the other hanging negligently by her side. Her eyes were looking downward, a soft blush was on her cheek, and she appeared to be engrossed in his conversation. It was accidentally that I heard him say, "Inez," and at the sound of his voice she blushed a deeper crimson, and stealing at him a quick glance which assured her that he was about to make his declaration of love, she said: "Frank, isn't this a pretty day?" He answered in the affirmative, as there was nothing else for him to do, and by her subsequent remarks the conversation drifted to "cottolene," notwithstanding Frank's disinclination for it to do so. A few more remarks and they reached home.

Soon I came and found them sitting on the front steps. Putting down my lunch basket and books, I went into the parlor and commenced to play on the piano, which means I use for quieting my nerves at the end of the school-day. I began singing an "Ave Maria," and soon Frank and Inez came in. Under these circumstances, I sang the most sentimental song I could think of, until, judging from the expression of the two, both Frank and Inez thought Miss S—— had lost all the reserve and dignity she had heretofore possessed.

On going to my room later, I could not help but think what a pity that young people should ever grow older, or that blossom should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever be united.

LOUISE WOOTTON.

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE of the most successful of the living writers of the South is James Lane Allen. He is a Kentuckian, and his works deal mainly with life in his native State. Accuracy of statement and clear forcibleness of expression characterize his works. His stories are planned with considerable skill and carried out with unusual ability. His works are: *Life in the Blue Grass*, *Flute and Violin and other Stories*, *Sister Dolorosa*, and *A Kentucky Cardinal*, written in 1895. The stir created by Mr. Allen's *Summer in Arcady* has not yet subsided.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE, formerly Miss Bedinger, of Copenhagen, is one of the present Southern writers. Perhaps no Southern poet of the present conducts us so completely from practical life to the realms of fancy. Her poems are so suggestive of wood nymphs and aerial spirits, her poetic instinct is so intuitive, that before we realize it we are transported from our own sphere to the fancied haunts of sylphs and fairies. "The Spirit of the Wood Sparrow," a selection from *Joy and other Poems*, is aerial in the extreme, with here and there a strain of deeper thought. Note the dainty airiness of the following:

"A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moon-beam-wired cithole,
Shaped like a soul."

Then the deeper thought:

"Now when I hear that song,
Which has no earthly tone,
My soul is carried with the strain along
To the everlasting throne."

"The Dead Moon" is a short poem, beautiful in fancy.

TRANSLATIONS.

I.

[FROM HORACE.]

To Thaliarchus.

Yonder stands Soracte's height,
 See with snow it sparkles bright;
 All the streams have ceas'd to flow,
 Frozen now by ice and snow.

Heap the wood upon the hearth,
 Cheer the heart, increase the mirth;
 Bring in jars from cellars deep
 Wine that makes the young heart leap.

All besides intrust to those
 Who do govern all our woes;
 Gods that first the deeps do still,
 Then who turn to dale and hill.

From the future turn and flee,
 Triumph o'er each day you see;
 Spurn not now sweet love, O boy,
 And the dances still enjoy.

At the trysting hour now meet,
 Talk in whispers, low and sweet,
 With the one you love the best,
 While the sun sinks in the west.

Listen to her laughter gay,
 She her secret will betray;
 Snatch a token now with care
 From her arms or shoulders fair.

NELLY MORTON.

II.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

“Vergissmeinnicht.”—Hoffman von Fallersleben.

FORGET ME NOT.

There is a tiny, lovely flower,
 That blooms on meadows in the dew;
 Its eye of light has heavenly dower,
 So clearly bright, serenely blue.

It knows not much to tell, one name,
 And all that it doth say, repeat,
 Is always only this, the same,—
 “Forget me not,” so soft, so sweet.

MERRIE LOUISE VERSER.

SCIENCE.

COUNT RUMFORD.

In the history of science there are men who have devoted their lives to study and experiment in order to benefit humanity. Such a man was Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford.

He was an American, born in Massachusetts in 1753. He went to common schools until thirteen years old, when he became a teacher, but still continued studying medicine and physics. A few years later he obtained a position in an academy at Rumford, now Concord, New Hampshire, where he married a rich widow, and soon became prominent in the government. After the surrender of Boston he was sent to England on government business, and there his intelligence won for him the position of Under Secretary of State in the colonial office. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War he came back to America, taking sides with the British, and at the end of the war he returned to Europe.

Wishing to fight against the Turks, he was crossing the country to join the Austrian army for this purpose when he met the Elector of Bavaria. He was invited to enter the service of the State, which he did after getting the leave of the British government. The Elector made him his Aide-de-Camp and Chamberlain, and settled him at Munich, where he led an active life, reorganizing and improving the army, laying out public parks in Munich, and suppressing beggary, which had become so prevalent in Bavaria that it was ruining the State. He said he believed "in making people first happy, then virtuous"; and this is what he did for the beggars of Bavaria in the Industrial Home. The clean clothes, well-kept apartments, and good meals, were luxuries to the poor people; and the kind treatment they received so touched them that they soon became willing to work for their support.

It was here in this work that Rumford experimented so much on heat. He superintended the cooking, sometimes doing it himself for the purpose of ascertaining how to save the government as much expenditure in fuel as possible. At this time little was known of the real nature of heat. It was supposed to be a fluid which was squeezed in between the particles of bodies, like water in a sponge, and it was called caloric. When a body became hot it was said to be full of caloric. For instance, it was thought the reason mercury rose in a thermometer was because caloric had entered it; and it was believed that when two bodies containing caloric were brought together, the one containing the most caloric gave up some to the other. This theory was received and taught in the scientific world until Rumford proved that it was not true. One day he noticed in a shop in Munich that the metallic chips which were made by the boring of a gun were hot enough to burn his hands, and also that this supply of heat seemed inexhaustible. He was surprised at this, and at first puzzled to account for the heat. Evidently it was not caloric. But suddenly it dawned upon him that the heat was caused by the vibrations of the particles of the bodies when thus rubbed together. His inventive mind soon devised a way in which he could test the truth of his hypothesis. He took a brass cannon, hollowed out at one end, and fitting a steel borer into it, he pressed it down with a weight of ten thousand pounds. He put this into a tight box containing water, of which he knew the temperature; and with the aid of horses attached to it by certain machinery he caused it to turn around very rapidly until the water boiled. No wonder he was as delighted as a child at his success, for he had proved the dynamical theory of heat.

When, on account of his services to the State, the Elector made him Count of the Holy

Roman Empire, he chose for his title Rumford, the name of the town where he had begun his successful career. He is now better known as Count Rumford than as Benjamin Thompson. After he was made Count he became Military Director of Bavaria, and had full governing power during the absence of the Elector.

At the death of the Elector he went to London, where he did much for the improvement of that city. He founded the Royal Institution, and gave it a large sum of money to be awarded for original researches in his favorite study—"Heat." Afterwards, he married the wealthy widow of Lavoisier, and retiring to her country home near Paris, he spent the rest of his life in studying science.

In 1814, having led one of the most romantic, active and useful lives in the history of science, he died. Tyndall says of him, "When the history of the dynamical theory of heat is completely written, the man who, in opposition to the scientific belief of his time, could experiment and reason upon experiment, as Rumford did in his investigations, may count upon a foremost place. Hardly anything more powerful against the materiality of heat has since been adduced; hardly anything more conclusive in the way of establishing that heat is what Boyle, Hooke and Locke considered it to be—motion."

ELSIE PIERCE.

THE AZTECS.

MEXICO, with its sunny skies, lofty mountains, and fertile valleys, when first visited by Europeans, was inhabited by Indians called Aztecs. It is thought that the Aztecs first inhabited the country around the Gulf of California, and advanced from that place in a southeastern direction until they reached the central portion of what is known as the Republic of Mexico. These Indians, at the time of the Spanish conquest, were in a high state of civilization. They had a monarchical form of government; all power was vested in the hands of the king. They believed that there were many gods, but one greater than all others, who dwelt in the sun, and rewarded his people according to the deeds done in this life. They had established schools, where all could be educated. Their calendar has been an object of great curiosity; it was made of stone, circular in form, and had engraved on its surface pictures to represent the seasons and the months of the year. They were an agricultural people, excelled in architecture, and had, at the time of the Spanish conquest, much gold and silver stored away which they had taken from the mines they had learned to open and work. Chapultepec, the capital of the kingdom, was situated on or near the site of the present city of Mexico. Chapultepec, with its palaces, beautiful flower gardens, canals and bridges, was not surpassed in beauty by the present cities of Europe.

Among the Aztecs was a legend that long years before they began keeping records there came into their country a god with face white as the snow on the mountains and hair light as the dawn. They called him "Quetzal, the fair god." Quetzal told them of a god greater than all other gods. He taught them how to cultivate the soil, and they had bounteous harvests while he remained with them. The reigning king died, and the king succeeding him built a temple and made idols. He then ordered his people to give up the religion of the fair god and worship his gods. The loyal Aztecs obeyed their king. Quetzal, hearing of this, begged them to return to the worship of his god. On their refusal he became angry, and determined to leave the country. In a boat made of snake skins, he sailed away on the trackless ocean, declaring he would return again with his army and claim the country for his god. His depar-

ture was followed by drought and famine. The Aztecs, penitent for their sins, built a temple for the worship of Quetzal's god, and offered to him their warriors in great numbers, hoping he would be pleased with this sacrifice. This is thought to have been the beginning of human sacrifice among them. This "fair god" is supposed by many to have been a missionary, who found his way to Mexico during the period when Christianity was introduced into Ireland.

The Aztecs were patiently waiting for the coming of Quetzal at the time Cortez invaded Mexico. When his ships appeared off the coast they thought them gods with white wings who had come to claim the country.

Owing to the superstition of the Aztecs, Cortez did not find much difficulty in conquering their country. The conquest resulted in the destruction of the Aztec nation; not a chief, not a squaw, was left in this part of Mexico. A few escaped to the mountains, where, it is said, their descendants live in caves and are much afraid of white people. They say, whenever they chance to see a white man, "He is one of them that killed our fathers."

GERTRUDE KITCHEN, *First B, Geography.*

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN COLONIES.

"You have given freedom to South America, and a sixth part of the world is the measurement of your glory." It was in these words that Simon Bolivar congratulated his soldiers after the independence of the Spanish-American colonies had been proclaimed and accomplished.

For nearly two and one-half centuries after its discovery all the countries of South America except Brazil were governed by a viceroy, who had his court in Lima. Courts of justice were established in the different provinces, and the governors exercised executive authority, subject to the central power in Peru and Mexico. Spain tried to retard rather than to promote the progress of her colonies in the western hemisphere. She stripped them of everything that would benefit the crown, and made them trade with her alone. She enslaved the natives and made citizens of Spanish birth pay heavy tribute either to the crown or the church. But the increase of population made this form of government very unpopular, and discontent prevailed, therefore a division of the continent was made. Another viceroy was established at Bogota, in charge of the northern provinces, and another at Buenos Ayres, in charge of those in the south. It was not until the successful revolution in North America, and the republic of the United States had been established, that the leading minds and efforts of patriotic statesmen were directed to actual independence. Francisco Miranda, the leader of South American independence, was born at Caracas, Venezuela. He was of Spanish origin. His parents were very wealthy, and sent their son to Europe to complete his education. While in Paris he met Lafayette, who was helping to win the independence of the United States, and had gone back to France for money and reinforcements. At Lafayette's suggestion, he went with him to America and fought all through the war. Inspired by Washington's example, he determined, if possible, to liberate his own country. With this object in view, he collected a small number of his associates and sailed from New York to Venezuela, where he raised the standard of liberty, and called upon his countrymen to come and help him. But the people were not ready for this. Miranda's thoughts and ideas were far beyond those of his fellow-citizens. He was easily overcome by the Spanish forces. Most of his followers were either killed or taken prisoners, and his life was spared only through the intercession of his family and friends, but he was banished. He then went back to France, where he tried to collect money to renew the attack. About the

same time he was attracted by the splendor of the court of Russia, and going there, he tried to win Catharine's favor, hoping he could obtain aid from her. He was a very accomplished young man, a wit, a musician, and a poet, but he failed to obtain the sympathy of the beautiful empress in his plan to liberate Venezuela. When the French revolution broke out he returned to Paris, and was made a general of division; but he was soon defeated, and went to London, where he lived a miserable life in garrets and gutters, making his living by writing songs and music. Here he was rescued by Simon Bolivar, a native of Caracas, Miranda's old home. He was of the same noble parentage as Miranda, and had also been sent to Europe to complete his education. He had been infected with the revolutionary fever as Miranda, and on a tour through the United States had visited Washington's tomb, where he dedicated himself to Venezuelan independence.

The immediate cause of the revolution in South America was the invasion of the Spanish peninsula by Napoleon and the establishing of his brother upon the throne at Madrid. The governor of Venezuela, as well as the people, refused to recognize Joseph Bonaparte's authority. They were now eager to throw off the Spanish yoke. Bolivar returned to Venezuela with Miranda in 1811 and collected an army. On the 5th of July, 1811, a mass-meeting was held in the council chamber at Caracas. A declaration of independence was drawn up and signed, and the republic of Venezuela was declared, with Miranda as political chief. The original document, faded with age, still hangs in the room in which it was signed, and just above it is a splendid painting representing the scene. The Spanish governor in South America did not make much resistance, but Spain sent over ten thousand men to regain authority. Miranda was about to take the field, but an awful earthquake occurred, which almost destroyed Caracas, and the greater number of his soldiers were buried among the ruins. The priests said that this was a just punishment sent by God to punish the Revolutionists. The Spaniards immediately took possession of the city. Miranda was captured and sent to prison in Spain, where he soon after died. Bolivar escaped to Jamaica, where he waited a favorable opportunity to continue his work.

The next revolution was in Chili; it failed, but the one in Buenos Ayres was more successful, and an independent government was established there in 1813. All of South America was now enthused with the idea of independence. In the meantime Bolivar had gained independence in Venezuela, and had driven the Spanish army out of Colombia. The republic of New Granada was established soon after, with Bolivar as President. Ecuador was soon after added. Bolivar collected another army and went to aid the people in Peru. He attacked the Spaniards in the north and San Martin and O'Higgins followed them up in the south. The two revolutionary forces met at Lima in September, 1823, where Bolivar was made dictator, and the Spaniards withdrew. He next attacked Bolivia, the last of the provinces that remained under Spanish rule. On the 7th of December, 1824, the last battle was fought. The Spaniards were defeated, and the independence of Upper Peru was declared. General Sucre was made President, and Bolivar made a triumphant march to Lima. He soon resigned all of his offices, and went to Bogota, where he lived four years, and from there he went to Santa Marta, where he died, very poor, in 1830. The republic of New Granada was soon done away with, and the States of Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador were formed. Paraguay and Uruguay soon separated themselves from the Argentine Republic and became independent States in 1828. Many have doubted whether the people of South America were ready for this change in government; for ever since there have been repeated disturbances and revolutions there which are not characteristic of the most highly civilized nations.

MARIE LOUISE RHODES,
First B., Geography.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

IN F. R. Miller's article on "Where did Mars get its Moons?" he says it is easily proved, both from the size of Mars and from the increased velocity of a comet by the time it has reached the orbit of this planet, a dynamical impossibility that its moons are captured comets, like those of Jupiter.

A LARGE spectroscope has just been completed by J. A. Brashear, Alleghany, Pa., for Dr. Hans Hauswaldt, a wealthy scientist of Madgebury, Germany, where it will be used in physical research. Dr. Hauswaldt has gained considerable fame in Germany by his experiments, and he is sparing nothing in the equipment of his laboratory, which, when completed, will be one of the finest in Europe.

IT is reported that an Arctic expedition will be made in the summer for the purpose of making an examination of the Arctic currents, and for meteorological observation. The expedition will be mainly English, and will be made in the *Fram*, the vessel in which Dr. Nansen made his Arctic journey.

DR. NANSEN has proved, by making soundings in the polar sea, that the earth is more flattened at the north than at the south pole. This accounts for the discrepancies in the calculations of the shape of the earth made by geodesists and astronomers.

THE leading article in *Popular Astronomy* for May is the address of President Common of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, on the occasion of the presentation of the gold medal of that society to Professor E. E. Barnard. President Common speaks in the highest terms of our American astronomer. Mr. Barnard received the Arago medal of the French Academy in 1892, and the Lelande medal in 1892, both for the discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter and for general astronomical work. The English medal is presented for the discovery of the satellite above referred to and for photographic work.

THE fact that Mercury and Venus keep the same side turned toward the sun as the moon does to the earth has been explained as follows: "The tidal wave rushing around the planet in the opposite direction to that of its rotation has acted like a great break, and has finally slowed it up so that it keeps the same spot toward the centre of attraction, and the tide remains stationary."

ON January 3rd an observation was made at Vienna, which resulted in the discovery of an immense sun-spot. The middle of the spot in its broadest part was 33,000 miles across. This part in itself was large enough to hold at once thirty-six spheres of the size of the earth.

THE most important scientific discovery since that of the Röntgen rays is the discovery made by Dr. Zeeman, a Dutch physicist, that the lines of a metallic spectrum are broadened when the source of light is in an intense magnetic field. The principal bearing of this discovery is upon the theory of light. It is a step toward more nearly complete knowledge of the means by which the particles of a body at high temperature disturb the adjacent ether, and leaves little doubt that the solution of the two mysteries, the nature of light and that of electricity, may be simultaneously obtained.

MATTIE PRICE, *June, '97.*

THE NEW SCIENCE HALL.

On returning to school, the girls usually spend the first day in walking around to see the changes that have been made during the summer.

This year our attention was immediately arrested by the new Science Hall, which was begun and completed during vacation. It is a large, brick building, situated back of the school, about forty yards from the main building, and it adds greatly to the appearance of the school. It is nearly square, and is divided into seven rooms, four of which are class-rooms. The hall door opens into a passage-way. To the left and right are doors leading into the two class-rooms on the first floor. The room on the left is occupied, at different periods, by Dr. Cunningham's, Mrs. Hardy's, and Miss Harvie's classes. The room on the right is occupied by Miss Littleton's classes.

Opening from Miss Littleton's room is a small room in which the various apparatus are kept.

The staircase leads up from the front, and ascending the stairs we find to the left the Chemical Laboratory; opening from this is the Physical Laboratory. The latter is small, but we hope for great improvement in this department. To the right is the Physiology and Geography class-room and connected with this is a small Laboratory used for practical experimental work in food, for dissecting purposes, etc.

Before the erection of this building, the Chemical Laboratory was on the first floor of the main building. Those of us who worked in the Laboratory at that time can well appreciate the spacious and airy room when we compare the old with the new. The room will accommodate thirty-two students experimenting at one time. The facilities for work in the Chemical and Physical Laboratories have been very much improved by the addition of new apparatus, some of which are: one of the best modern air-pumps, a Wimshurst electrical machine, and an improved model of a dynamo.

Each class-room is furnished with new seats, and will accommodate fifty pupils. Each room is made bright by four triple windows, and the building is heated by hot water, all of which tend to make it as comfortable as could be desired. The science work cannot fail to receive a new impetus here.

KATE M. SPAIN, *Feb. '97.*

A GIRL being asked the number of students in the Normal School, replied, "Yesterday the girls were standing in two groups, and the number of girls in the first group exceeded that in second group by twenty-six. If each group had been increased until squares were formed with sides equal respectively to the number of girls in the original groups, the sum of those squares would exceed by sixteen thousand one hundred and thirty-two the number of Practice School children arranged in a column with front and depth equal respectively to the number of Normalites in the two first-mentioned groups." How many students are there?

BENA HASKINS, '99.

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THE Normal School girls were promenading in the yard in a column with fifteen more in depth than in front. On hearing the supper bell the front was increased by forty, and all thus drawn up in five lines. Determine the number of girls.

JULIA PRITCHETT, '99.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

DRESS IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.

"Of all the discoveries of this century the most wonderful is this—woman has discovered herself."

This discovery has been mainly in the direction of social and educational advantages. But before women can profit by these advantages they must learn that a life of normal and intellectual equality demands physical equality. By inquiries into savage tribes that have never felt the enervating influence of civilization, it has been found that in her normal state woman is the physical equal of man. "The fact," says Professor A. C. Cowperthwait, "that the female is physically inferior to the male is not due so much to her natural organization as to the fact that the mode of life which modern society forces upon her is unnatural and begets physical degeneration." Physicians say that American women are falling every year more and more into invalidism. From their earliest childhood, girls are treated in an entirely different way from boys. The girl is not allowed to run and jump, because it is unladylike. She is encouraged to stay in the house and play with dolls. On the other hand, her brother can enjoy out-door sports. The difference in physical development is soon evident. The girl scarcely enters her teens before she begins to lead an artificial life, and one wholly inconsistent with the laws of health. The additional weight of an increased length of skirt is added, and her waist is drawn into a shape little suited to accommodate the organs placed there. Hence, a girl is physically unable to stand the hard work, the excitement, and the competition of college life.

The universal ill-health of women shows that there is something wrong in their mode of dress. Among the many evils of modern female dress the greatest is the corset; hence, the first step in dress reform will be to abolish it. The statistics of the corset makers and sellers of London show that the average size of the female waist has decreased during the last twenty-five years by two inches. The effect that a corset must produce on the wearer is evident when we consider the immense amount of pressure it exerts. The least pressure which Dr. Dickinson has estimated from a corset is twenty-one pounds; the greatest, eighty-eight pounds. The pressure of a loose corset is about thirty-five pounds. How many women can lift a weight between thirty-five and eighty-eight pounds without difficulty? And yet they have constantly this great pressure on the most vital organs of the body, and say they do not feel it. We cannot go by a woman's feeling as to whether a corset is tight or not. Physicians say that they have never heard an admission of lacing. It is easy to be deceived in this, for two reasons. The contraction generally begun in childhood, when the bones are pliable, has been so gradual as to be imperceptible; the muscles of the waist become so weakened by disuse as to be unable to support the body.

The organs of the thoracic cavity suffer less from a corset than those of the abdominal, since they can accommodate themselves to a less space. The expansive power of the lungs is reduced about one-fifth. Women cannot breathe deeply, and here we find a reason for defective character in women, for deep breathing is now recognized as a strong psychical force.

No organ suffers more from the pressure of the corset than the liver, because it is located in that part of the body in which the pressure is the greatest. The corset pushes the liver out of its natural position, then presses the floating rib into its yielding tissues, forming a laceration known as "the tight-lace furrow." It is estimated that by reducing the circumference of the waist one-fourth, the secretion of bile is diminished one-half. Many diseases are caused in

women as a direct result of the abnormalities of the liver. The vivisectionist says that continual pressure on the stomach kills animals more quickly than when applied to any other organ. One physician found the stomach nearly cut in two by excessive and long-continued pressure. It is believed that pressure and heat on the lower part of the back are exciting causes of kidney disease among women. By pressure the intestines are impeded in their peristaltic motion, and deprived of the proper supply of blood. Constipation and other diseases result.

"In the displacement and diseases of the pelvic organs is found the chief cause of woman's ill-health. With a system of dress which keeps certain muscles of the pelvis continually on the stretch so that they become non-contractile, with other muscles degenerate from disuse, with the whole muscular system of the abdomen inactive and weak, and all its organs misplaced and in a state of chronic starvation, should it be a subject of wonder that women are afflicted by diseases which require the skill of a surgeon's knife and various appliances of external support?"

Nothing is more wonderful than the intimate relation between the physical and mental health. Since the brain is connected with all parts of the body by nerves, and since its health depends upon the amount and quality of the blood sent to it, it must necessarily be affected by the conditions of the body. When a muscle is unused, the nerve which supplies that muscle is unused and it atrophies. "When the nerve atrophies," says Dr. Bayard Holmes, "the reservoir of force in the cortex of the brain undergoes a corresponding change." Not only the body, but the mind, is also influenced by diseases of the pelvic organs. Our insane asylums are filled to a great extent by patients whose mental diseases are due to disorders of these organs.

Miss Frances Willard says: "With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads can carry all we know! Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of the one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the smallest diameter of the womanly figure means an impoverished blood supply in the brain, and may explain why women scream when they see a mouse, and why they are so terribly afraid of a term which should be their glory as it is their brothers', viz., strong-minded."

A great moral significance is also included in the subject of the dress of woman. The intellectual and physical development of the race depend to a great extent upon her. A physician says that "woman by her injurious style of dress is doing as much to destroy the race as is man by alcoholism." Health begets noble traits of character. It is said that ill-health is a source of crime, and that most of our criminals come from the physically depraved.

It is not sufficient merely to point out the evils of modern dress, some remedy must be found. Helen G. Ecob shows the moral position of women and what they need, thus: "When Christian women learn that the religion of the body is as sacred as that of the soul, it will be considered a sacrilege to wear any form of dress which interferes with the physical economy. The average woman wants for working hours a costume so short as to escape dirt and dampness; one that allows muscular freedom; one that does not tax the vitality by unnecessary weight and drapery; one that can be easily made, quickly put on and taken off."

Since we have always seen the female figure distorted into artificial shapes, our eyes have become incapable of distinguishing its true beauty. The modern idea of the human form is very different from all accepted standards in art. The ancient Greeks possessed a greater perception of the beautiful than any other nation, for they studied nature; to them only the true was beautiful, therefore they have left to us the most perfect conceptions of the human form. The Venus of Milo, considered by all nations as the perfection of form in woman, stands in our

library; the girls of our school need only look at this statue to see how far we have fallen short of the ideal. Perfect grace in motion can be gained only when we have a well-controlled mind in a well controlled body. The cause of awkwardness is self consciousness. We cannot become unconscious of self until we have gained muscular control. "Grace is only another name for physical and moral rectitude."

We started out in speaking of the educational advantages which woman has gained during this century. The true aim of education should be to make each person what he is capable of becoming. The mind cannot be developed to its fullest extent if the physical health is neglected. Hence, if women desire to become as great intellectually as they are capable of becoming, they should discard a mode of dress which is the chief hindrance to it. "If we are not yet ready for the highest, which is the life of intellect and spirit, we should fight every impulse which tends towards a sensuous variety in dress.

FLORA E. LESTOURGEON.

STUDY OF A RIVER BASED ON THE APPOMATTOX.

A TEACHER whose school-house is located in the vicinity of some river may accompany her geography class on excursions to the river, and aid her pupils in gaining such facts as will be both useful and interesting. Not only will such a study of nature be more attractive to children than the recital of bare facts in the school-room, but what is gained in this way they will regard as their own, having taken part in the investigation.

Take, for instance, the Appomattox River. The first question that naturally suggests itself is, "Where is the river?" Some boy may have been near its source when on a visit to Appomattox county; if so, he can mention differences in the river as seen near its source and from the present point of view. Again, the older boys, on their hunting expeditions, in their eagerness to find game, may have crossed over from Prince Edward to Buckingham and Cumberland, and the class gathers from this incident that the river forms part of a natural boundary of these counties. Does it appear on maps of the region? Its dimensions may next be noticed. At Wilburn's bridge, connecting Buckingham and Prince Edward counties, five miles from Farmville, it is about fifty feet wide; at Cumberland bridge, about sixty feet. We sounded the river at the latter place, and found that the water near the right bank was one foot ten inches deep; on the left bank, one foot two inches; in the middle, two feet two inches. But in some places the depth is as much as seven feet. By throwing sticks in the river, we saw that the current was swifter in the middle than near the banks. In other places, however, it is swifter near the banks. At Wilburn's bridge the banks are rather steeper than at Cumberland bridge, and there is also a thick growth of vegetation. How does river-border vegetation compare with that of the surrounding uplands? The surrounding country is rough and under the plough. The river overflows its banks very easily. In some places there is a fine sediment deposited, rendering the flood plains very fertile. Corn is raised to a great extent on these flood plains.

Just above the Farmville mill there is a small island covered with trees and undergrowth, and as we stood on the opposite bank a boy rowed his boat down to the island, reminding one of former days before the railroad was built, when boats were frequently seen coming and going. Below the railroad bridge there is a little stream called Grocer's Branch. Other branches are Buffalo, Briery, and Bush.

There are some fish in the Appomattox, but not a great variety. The boys in the class will be interested in the discussion of these. How does this river compare with others in this

respect? The Farmville mill, having occupied its present position for so many years, testifies to the use of the Appomattox as a water-power at this point.

These questions and items are by no means exhaustive, but are merely offered as suggestions for an intelligent and interesting study of geography in nature. If a more extended study should be desired, or if the children are beyond the primary grades, the following questions will be pertinent: Compare the destructive with the constructive work of the river—which predominates? Which has had a greater influence, weathering or erosion? What is the age of the river? What evidences lead to your conclusion? Test the temperature of the water in different places at different times. Is the water clear or muddy? What are the uses of the river?

FANNIE WALKER.

“The man who hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”—*Shakspere*.

To have perfect order in a school-room, some knowledge of time and harmony is almost absolutely necessary, both on the part of teacher and pupil. A proof of this is seen in the wide difference between the behavior in country and city schools.

In the Farmville Normal Practice School music is taught in all of the grades. From the amount of pleasure evinced by the children themselves when the music period comes, we can see that they at least do not think it wrong to have it taught. The lower the grade the greater the interest felt.

All young children are store-houses for energy, and some vent must be found for it. Singing proves to be a good outlet, and, as such, it ought to be appreciated by the teacher especially, as it gives her a rest during the following period. Coming, as it does, in the middle of their school-day, it is doubly advantageous: First, by allowing them to get rid of an over-balance of energy; and second, by teaching them some of the musical laws and terms which will be useful when a regular study of music is begun. In the first and second grades in the Practice School the children are taught to sing little songs by rote, to recognize the staff and the different notes, and to sing exercises by note. In the third and fourth grades, in addition to the above, the children sing easy two-part songs, learn the nature of flats and sharps, and sing altogether by note. In the fifth and sixth grades more difficult exercises and songs are given, and more of the musical terms are taught. In the seventh grade the course is almost the same as that given in the first B in the Normal School.

By the time the pupil has finished all seven grades, she is ready for the Normal. Now it is that the advantage of her training is brought out. Coming, as she does, in contact with girls from all parts of the State, many of whom do not know anything of music, her superiority is easily shown.

ANNE M. IRVING, June, '97.

OUTLINE—LESSONS IN FORM ADAPTED TO FIRST GRADE.

I.

SUBJECT: Cylinder. Previous study—sphere and cube. Time, thirty minutes. Materials: Colored crayons, pencils, cylindrical boxes, bottles and inkstands, tumblers, mugs, pieces of corn-stalk, sticks of candy. Variety in color of objects selected desirable, if the colors are well chosen.

LESSON: I. Presentation—1. Compare type with natural objects: (a), Have type and familiar cylindrical objects on the desk. Let the pupils select the object they like best and tell why.

Lead class to tell wherein these objects are like or unlike the type; (b), Have pupils name all things in the room like the type; (c), Have pupils name as many cylindrical objects from memory as possible.

II. Give name of type—pronounce distinctly. 1. Drill on name: (a), Write on board; (b), Have it pronounced separately and in concert; (c), Ask questions that require the use of the word in answer, care being taken to have answers in statements; (d), Let several pupils do something with the cylinder and then tell what they have done; (e), Have questions asked, as “Who has the cylinder?” “Where is the cylinder?” and have same members of class answer.

III CONCLUSION: 1. Have materials collected and put away without noise.

LILY V. PRICE, *June, '97.*

II.

GRADE FIRST.—Time, thirty minutes. Materials: Cubes, spheres, and cylinders. Previous work of class—study of sphere and cube.

LESSON.—I. Place a sphere, cube and cylinder where they can be readily seen by the whole class, and ask for the names of each object. Of course, the correct names of the objects that have been studied will be given, but the cylinder will probably be called a *roller*.

II. Distribute objects among the pupils so that each will have one object of each kind. Give exercises in handling the solids, and have pupils tell about difference of feeling of each.

III. Give the name *cylinder*. Have each pupil pronounce it alone and then in concert. Write word on board. Drill on new word by asking questions that will require the use of the word *cylinder*.

IV. Have pupils place cylinder on different parts of desk, and have each pupil tell where his cylinder is. Be careful to have the term “cylinder” used every time.

V. Give exercises with regard to the actions of each object.

VI. Review properties of cube and sphere, and compare with those of the cylinder.

VII. Have pupils name familiar cylindrical objects.

VIII. Have objects collected.

PATTIE POLLARD, *June, '97.*

ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In all of us there is a deep longing for the beautiful; a demand for that which is not food, but which is necessary to satisfy the hunger of the human race. Though often only a dumb demand, the craving is very genuine, and appeals strongly to those who hope for a broader and better form of education. The question is, “Where and how is the training to be accomplished?” The first part of the question is easily answered; to all it is plain that the school is the place. But much more difficult is the “how?” Several things are to be taken into consideration, namely, the extreme youth of our country and the absence of art till within recent years, due to the tumult of the times. The rapid and unsystematic building of our nation was not calculated to stimulate art. The public-school training was until recently merely intellectual. Instruction in art was not only neglected, the school-house itself was unattractive; nor to-day does it supply much more than material comforts.

Recognizing, as we must, this inborn craving for the beautiful, and the importance of satisfying it, we come again to the “how?” We must be careful of mistaking a veneer of beauty for art; we must go deeper. An abundance of artistic objects alone cannot do the work. They must be made a living part of the school-room, their meaning understood and assimilated, before art can be said to be an element of our school training. But what are the sources of

beauty? Are they not the imagination, the memory, and the tender associations! Then art must begin by touching the sources of beauty; the school-house itself must awaken the emotions, the entrance first of all. If there be a yard, it should be green, both winter and summer, and there must be flowers in their season. Over the entrance there may be the seal of the town, county, or State; thus the first emotion awakened would be that of loyalty.

Inside the colors chosen should be pleasing and harmonious, the aim being to make a perfect whole. In the selection of colors the light of the room must be carefully considered. In a room where there is little sunlight let a bright color be chosen; in a bright, sunny room, choose some dull, restful color. The selection of colors should not be entrusted to an inexperienced person. Even greater care should be observed in the decoration of the halls and class-rooms. In the halls have pictures of notable battlefields and heroes of the past, that the pupil may compare the national greatness with that of nations of the past, or give his imagination food on which to build. In the class-rooms have decorations of a more strictly educational character—photographs of places, buildings, and pictures of the different ages. There may be present also busts, figures, and bas-reliefs.

Supposing a school in which all our plans have been adopted, there is yet more to be done to stimulate the love of the beautiful. This is the training of the eye, the observation, the imagination, and the hand. How is this to be done? By drawing, modelling, sewing, embroidery, bench and lathe work. The cause of a great deal of the discontent of the laboring classes of the present is that their work is not attractive; it was never made interesting to them. Until there is a broader, more liberal school system, the passionate craving of the people will not be satisfied.

LILY H. SMITH, *June, '97.*

[The above article was suggested by Sarah W. Whitman's article, "Art in the Public Schools," published in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.]

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Not a few instructive lessons may be drawn from a study of the geographical names with which every pupil becomes more or less familiar, for in many instances the hidden meaning of such words picture a far more vivid story than will be portrayed in any verbal definition."

It sometimes happens that nearly all the knowledge concerning a place is gained by knowing the origin of its name. The old race may be extinct, but the name still clings to the place, and by it one may know something of its first inhabitants. Many places in the United States still are known by the names given them by the Indians. Another way in which places have received their names is that new-comers always bring with them names of old home places. In this way many names were given in the United States in honor of homes across the seas. Many States are still known by Indian names.

Connecticut takes its name from the long river which flows through it. It means "Long River." Kentucky, when opened up by Daniel Boone, was allowed to keep the name used by the Indians, which signifies "Dark and Bloody Ground." Tennessee means "River with the Great Bends," and from this the State get its name, as the bending river flows through it. Mississippi gets its name from the Mississippi River. The Indians gave the river that name on account of its size and importance, being identical with "Great Father of Waters." Alabama, which to me is one of the prettiest names in the Union, means "Here we Rest." Wisconsin means "Gathering of the Waters," and if we look on the map at the number of rivers and

lakes in the State and the way in which two of the Great Lakes cut into it, and also how the rivers meet the lakes and seem to flow through it, we shall see that the name is very appropriate.

Michigan means "Great Lake." This name, too, suits this State, for Michigan is situated almost in the "midst of the waters."

In nearly all Indian names we find that they are given with a view to a description of the surrounding country. North and South Dakota, however, were named according to the condition of the Indian tribes in those States. Dakota means "Allied."

Again, in considering the names of the States we find that some are taken from the Spanish, others from the English, and still others from the French, according to the people who first settled within their boundaries.

Florida is taken from the Spanish. Some authorities say that the State received that name because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish *Pasqua Florida*, while others say it means "Blooming," and has no significance as to the time of its discovery; others, still, give about the same as the latter, but put it in slightly different language, saying instead of "Blooming" that it means the "Land of Flowers."

Pennsylvania is named for William Penn, and the name means "Penn's Wood." The latter part of the word is taken from the Latin word for "wood."

Georgia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Virginia were named in honor of sovereigns of England; New York in honor of the Duke of York, Louisiana for Louis XIV. of France, and Delaware for Lord Delaware. Washington State is named for our first president. California's name is taken from an old Spanish romance. Nevada is from the Spanish, and means "Snow-covered Mountains."

In the eastern part of the United States the names of cities and counties are taken for the most part from those in European countries, but in the western part they are frequently taken from those east of the Mississippi River.

Civilization has always been travelling westward, and thus the names of places have been taken from eastern localities to those further to the west.

SALLIE FLOYD, '97.

PRACTICE SCHOOL.

SPONGE.

THE sponge is an animal that lives in the water. When a man goes under water to get it, some one holds the rope, and when he wants to come up he shakes the rope.

Sometimes the divers stay under the water as long as three or four minutes. The reason they cannot stay any longer is because they have to hold their breath. Our teacher showed us sponges taken from the Mediterranean Sea; some were younger than others. The first one looked like a ball with hair on it, and the color was a darkish brown. The next one was very much like the first, only the color was more of a tan, and the little hairs were rather smoother than before. One piece was still darker, and did not have the little hairs on it.

The sponge is put in water and set in the sun, and soaked for two or three days, when the people say it is dead. It is cleaned, and then it is ready for use. Doctors use it sometimes instead of cloth. It is better to use sponge because medicine will stay in it longer. They are used for cleaning clothes, washing carriages, washing slates, and for a great many things.

There is a kind of sponge call Neptune's cup, called for Neptune, the god of the sea, and it is sometimes as high as four feet. Miss Warren showed us some of this sponge, which had been brought from the coast of Florida, where it grows.

A great many people do not consider it sponge, but it really is. It is shaped like a basket or cup.

EDITH DUVALL, *Fifth Grade.*

DR. MAYO'S LECTURE TO THE CHILDREN.

DR. MAYO, of Boston, delivered a very interesting lecture to the children. In it he said there are three schools to which we go. The first is the home school, in which we are born. There we learn to breathe, eat, sleep, walk, talk, and learn the names of the people of the house and many others. Sometimes in the night the baby awakes and cries. Then we say, "I wish that baby would keep quiet, for I want to sleep." We should not say so, because it is learning to talk. The next school is "Uncle Sam's Academy," in which there are forty-five rooms, of which Texas is the largest and Rhode Island is the smallest. In this school we learn to be intelligent, industrious and patriotic.

ROCHET MCKINNEY, *Fifth Grade.*

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

SINCE the last issue of the RECORD the members of the Young Women's Christian Association and of the King's Daughters circles have not been idle. Progress is noticeable in all departments of the work, and interest is deepening.

Four devotional meetings have been held on the following Sunday afternoons: March 14—Subject, "Epistle to the Philippians." March 28—Subject, "Epistle to the Ephesians."

Papers were read and talks made on the topics: 1, Historic Sketch; 2, The Account in Acts; 3, Paul as he Shows Himself in the Epistle; 4, Summary of the Book; 5, Elements of Christian Character.

April 11—Subject, "Home Missions." The various phases of the work as carried on in different parts of our country were discussed with interest and profit.

April 25—Subject, "Women of the Old Testament." Six sketches of Old Testament women were given by six girls. Space forbids the mention of all of the interesting points considered, but the paper on Hannah, read by Miss Floyd, was especially enjoyed.

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THE Saturday night room prayer-meetings are perhaps the most profitable of all of the association meetings. The attendance has increased until one room is not always large enough to accommodate those who wish to attend. We hope it may soon be decided to have two or three meetings on different halls.

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MISS ELEANOR PRESTON, Travelling Secretary of the College Young Women's Christian Association, was with us the last of March. We welcomed her gladly, and were sorry to have her leave. She stayed only a day or two, but long enough to do us good. The influence of her visit is plainly manifest in the increased earnestness of the girls, and the more systematic organization of all working committees. We hope to be able to do as she urged—send a delegate to the Asheville Summer Conference.

EDITORIAL.

THE new, especially if pronounced and striking, seldom meets with popular favor. The human mind, in its ordinary development, is apt to see some great and portentous evil in the first departure from old and established customs. Every great truth when first presented to the world has met resistance, sometimes fierce and bitter. Every reformer has established his cause only after hard fighting, often with the sacrifice of life itself. Books which have lived for ages and given their authors lasting fame have been at first received by an undiscerning public with sneers and cutting sarcasm, or even worse, by cold indifference. A school seeking to maintain itself on lines diverse from prevailing custom must expect the same criticism, the same failure to be understood, which has met the pioneer in every line in all ages.

Our own institution has not been without its detractors, has not failed to call forth its full measure of unthinking censure. But it is for a principle we live and work—the principle of individual development through the cultivation of courageous and independent truth. What may contribute to this end is adopted, however great the seeming risk. Whatever tends to cramp development or lead to concealment or indirection is rejected, though the promise may be fair and the design popular. The end is simple, the means difficult in the extreme. There is needed much patient study of character and disposition, almost unsleeping vigilance, a nice sense of justice, unfailing faith in the methods pursued and the individual to be controlled, and a large amount of personal liberty to those in training. It is in this matter of liberty that we are most commonly misjudged and undeservedly blamed. The liberty that is allowed is misunderstood, and taken for carelessness and negligence on the part of those in charge. On the contrary it is the doctrine of the school, most conscientiously believed, most firmly maintained, that there can be no true development, no real strengthening of resolve or elevating of aim, without liberty—no means of determining who are worthy and who are not except by granting privileges which the essentially bad abuse, the better disposed use as stepping-stones to higher things. Moreover, the fact seems constantly overlooked that this is a training-school for teachers. We are not educating young ladies to be leaders of society. We are striving to fit them for life, for the stress and strain of the work of the world, to be themselves guides to the young, to form the minds and, in large measure, the character of those committed to their charge. If they have not previously learned self-control, if they go out with strength untried and wills undeveloped, how can they successfully do the work set before them? how can they help to strengthen another, having but little strength themselves?

To curtail this liberty in any marked degree would be to be false to ourselves, to do violence to our own best natures, to dwarf our own highest aims. So fully and sincerely do we believe that no true education can be acquired apart from high morality, and that the highest moral development can be reached alone through personal liberty, that we would willingly undergo far more toil and pain than has ever yet come to any connected with this institution in order to establish firmly what seems to us the very soul and centre of all true government. There must necessarily be times of deep discouragement, for there are such varieties among the individuals with whom we have to deal, and the same individual is swayed by such varying and conflicting emotions, that sometimes when success seems assured the balance turns in the other direction. Still, while a few may have proved unworthy, our grounds for confidence in future success lie in results already obtained. We have seen in so many instances the sly and secretive become straightforward and open, the weak grow strong, the flippant, earnest, that we can unhesitating-

ingly appeal to our girls scattered through the length and breadth of this State and some in other States, as the one unanswerable argument in support of the system under which they have been trained.

EVERY student has experienced the first trials of a boarding-school, where his first appearance must make a temporary impression on the surrounding people. On entering school one feels that he has come to work, work in every sense of the word, and at first his enthusiasm for that work knows no bounds; but soon it dawns upon him that there are many, many other calls upon him along with this central work, study. Yet through everything that comes and goes, truth, honesty, zeal, faithfulness to duty, must ever hold their sway, and though other qualities may be—must be—clustered round those, the foundation has got to be a foundation of truth. A student must win his way through obedience, politeness, and kindness to those in authority. He may struggle and wrestle with his studies till his eyes, heavy with weariness, cease to aid him in solving the difficult problems, and throwing himself upon his couch he ceases to think consciously, but dreams. On waking, he creeps to the window to catch the first ray of light that will assist him in resuming his arduous tasks for the day. Failing, perhaps, to conquer the complex problem, he goes to breakfast to eat his food in almost perfect silence. These discouragements may veil his courage at times, but through constant perseverance he shall succeed.

THE first days of June are almost here. What thoughts crowd the mind! There are the final touches to be given the various branches of study, the perplexing question of how best to connect the links of knowledge so as to make a united whole, available for future use. In looking back over the year the question, not to be lightly thrown aside, arises, Has the best use been made of the opportunities both for getting and for giving help? The close of the term will bring separations; some of the girls, fellow-laborers, tried and true, will go forth to their life-work, while, perhaps a few will return for fuller equipment. But under all these sober thoughts there is an irrepressible swell of happiness in the heart, for it is almost time to be at home. That word home! How it calls up scenes of love and joy and peace—the pen falls, and memory has full sway.

READING-ROOM NOTES.

The Century.—Have you read “Anti-Babel,” by W. H. Bishop? The story is amusing and singular. Professor Sandfog, the principal character in the story, undertakes to introduce a uniform method of speech, or a “universal language” as he prefers to call it. He is to obtain this universal language by undoing the confusion of tongues that took place at the tower of Babel. Keen humor is displayed by the author in relating the manner in which the learned man undertakes this great enterprise. The story embodies a clever original scheme.

Quite a large portion of the magazine is devoted to the subject of kites. There are three articles which give various accounts of scientific kite flying, with photographs and accounts of different national kites. Those interested in such experiments carried on for scientific purposes will enjoy these accounts.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for April is a volume of thought in itself. It is difficult to select the articles most worthy of special mention, so the following of universal

interest may be touched upon: "The Racial Geography of Europe," by Prof. W. Z. Ripley, offers reasons for the differing color of skin of the different races. He says: "The best working hypothesis is, nevertheless, that this coloration is due to the combined influences of a great number of factors of environment, working through physiological processes, none of which can be isolated from the others." In this hypothesis his reasoning is genuine. "The Stability of Truth," by President D. S. Jordan, is concluded in the April number. "The Language of Crime" is written from a purely scientific standpoint. As such it displays a surprising degree of accurate observation. Others in this number are "Life on the Planets," "Spencer and Darwin," and "Ants as the Guests of Plants."

* * *

GRACE HOWARD PIERCE has contributed a short story, "Betwixt Cup and Lip," to the May *Scribner*, in which the exciting element is well sustained. This number of the *Scribner* also contains "Undergraduate Life at Harvard" and "Harvard College in the Seventies," both of which appeal especially to students. [For all of us amid our other ambitions dream of going to Harvard or some such institution of learning, and to many of us Harvard University is indeed a very hazy reality.] These sketches portray the Harvard of the past and the Harvard of the present as it really has been and is. They are well worth the perusal of every student. "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis, is creating a stir.

* * *

THE March, April, and May numbers of the *Popular Astronomy*, as usual, note the recent discoveries and observations of import in the celestial sphere. Once a fair knowledge of astronomy has been acquired, this magazine keeps one well posted in the astronomy of the day. If books speaks (and we do hear of such cases at times), the copies under discussion say plainly that the present astronomy class is diligent in astronomical research.

* * *

"ELEMENTS of Differential and Integral Calculus," by Prof. W. M. S. Hall, of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, is coming out in *Science*. It is a pity that the students of this school do not patronize this paper to a greater extent. If they knew the gems contained in it, this lack of appreciation could not continue.

* * *

THE February-March *Art Education* advocates, from several points of view, the study of art, not the study of art for this special class or for this certain people, but the study of art for all. "The Study of Art as Related to Mental and Social Development," by G. L. Raymond, is excellent. He begins: "Science has to do with matter, religion with spirit, and art with both: by matter we mean the external world; by spirit, the internal world or that of thought; and art must represent both." Later he says: "Art is not the carving on the keystone, it is the keystone itself, for without it the whole arch would tumble."

* * *

Miss Elizabeth A. Herrick has written the article, "Art Education in the Elementary Schools," and one is again impressed with the fact that beautiful surroundings must, in time, produce beautiful beings.

* * *

THE May *Harper* strikes us with its inclusiveness. Taking the "contents" in order, there is, first, a sporting illustration, by C. D. Gibson, followed by an article on sport by Caspar Whitney, this for the lover of horse, saddle, and hounds. The poems are not by so familiar authors as we usually find. Continued through the numbers is the novel by Du Maurier, which

has been running for some time. Art is represented by "Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakespeare" and "A Few Native Orchids and Their Insect Sponsors." The latter is by William Hamilton Gibson, a prominent artist who died last year, and whose love for insects is proved by the anecdote which tells that he allowed worms to live in his paint-brushes and eat the wood of the handle. Science has its place in the "Zoological Progress of the Century," and current history in serial, by Ponltney Bigelow, "White Man's Africa." The fiction readers will enjoy "The Captive's Dream," by Octave Thanet; "The Education of Bob," by R. H. Davis; "The Lion Tamer," by Henry Gallup Paine, and a "Guardian Angel," by H. P. Spofford.

It is to be hoped *The Literary Digest* is receiving due attention. Its value is too evident to require emphasis.

A LATE number of the *Outlook* contains "Ian Maclarens Impressions of America," which are just as welcome to a wandering Scotchman, such as the present writer, as to the natives of the country under discussion. Maclarens cordially acknowledges and admits the free and easy manners of American people, as compared with those of his more sedate countrymen. At the same time he manifests his thorough appreciation of the hospitality which he has met during his few weeks' sojourn in this country.

The Atlantic Monthly.—"Nansen's Theoretic Journey," by N. S. Shaler; gives a detailed account of the preparations made by Nansen for his voyage to the North pole. In this the significance of his work in relation to his character is emphasized equally with the considerable acquisition of knowledge due to his journey.

IN *The Deathless Diary*, Agnes Replier says that among the four chief ways in which we learn the lives of individuals, the diary is the truest, for it is a simple translation of the writer's character.

"Art in the Public School" is another plea for art, by Lara Whitman. "The Story of an Untold Love" by Paul L. Ford, and "The Ramparts of Port Royal," by C. G. D. Roberts, represent fiction. "Men and Letters" contains some excellent comments on writers who have made names for themselves; also some comments on the recent periodicals. A just, brief comparison of Millet and Walt Whitman occupies the last few pages of the book.

The American Historical Review, *Contemporary Review*, *Review of Reviews*, *Educational Review*, *The Teacher's Institute*, *The School Review*, *The Teacher's Journal of Education*, *The Public School Journal*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and others of minor importance seem to be profitably used by Faculty and students.

PLEASANTRIES.

A TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

It was a hot summer day, and the new moon shone bright in the brilliant sky. The little stars peeped shyly out at the twittering birds crawling about on the earth, and at the tall violets, among whose leafy boughs flew many-colored snakes and glow-worms. People were stirring

about, drawing great carts up and down the streets, buying money with the various articles the carts contained. From the various houses backing the streets could be heard the voices of servants telling their mistresses what to do. Little boys with bicycles on their shoulders were running up and down the streets, having great sport. Every now and then they would run to hide from fierce little dogs, who picked up large stones and threw at them when they ran away from them. A little girl and a lady were starting out for a long walk: "Dear mother, you must wear your coat, or you will freeze," said the little girl. Pretty soon a colt, seated in a buggy, came driving by at full tilt, with an old man hitched up to the buggy. Suddenly it began to grow dark, and the sun came up, the moon sank from view, and an old rooster blew the six o'clock bugle. All the frogs came up out of the ice-pond to say their prayers, and the people went to bed to dream of Robinson Crusoe and Paradise Lost.

LENORA ASHMORE.

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. Oh, we need it! We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made many sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?"—*Haliburton.*

The comet which N. and L. exultantly hailed as a fixed star proved to be only a short-lived lantern at the tail of a newspaper kite.

R. (picking up a book, reads.) "How to succeed: First, be a man." (Throwing the book aside.) "Bah, if I must first be a man, there's no success for me."

Misses X and Y studying astronomy :—Miss X.—"Is there any possibility that Venus is inhabited?"

Miss Y.—This book says, "Observers have reported at times faint lights which must originate on the planet's surface." I suppose those are men walking about with lanterns in their hands.

A waiter was made to realize one of the impossibilities of life a few days ago, when one of our girls seeing two young men in the dining-room, held up her hand and ordered a beau. The two young men were already seated each between two girls.

Miss B. (to class-mate.)—Please tell me which Shakspere Miss R. wants us to study. I don't want to look up the wrong man

I was sitting by a window in the hall. Some mad desire seized me. I shall never know what I began to think; think, think, went my brain. It was the first time I'd ever dared to do such a rash thing; it was phenomenal for the poor, unsuspecting mind. The shock proved fatal. Peculiar sensations began to make themselves felt in the region of my cranial organ, and wonderful noises were audible. A final wrench, succeeded by a light feeling, and lo! what is that? A peculiar object, pitifully stunted in growth, pale, emaciated, ill-used looking; in fact, my long-abused mind has escaped its bondage at last. It flees from me yelling joyfully to be free. I have become accustomed to the light feeling now, but my friends say thinking has often before proved injurious to the organisms of some individuals.

JEAN KINSEY.

THE NATURALISTS' CLUB.

THE president of the club is so much like "Punch" in character and appearance that her friends lovingly call her by that euphonious name. The work of this organization is purely scientific. The specimen under discussion at present is the frog. We meet regularly every Wednesday afternoon and go frog-hunting, diving, grabbing, fishing—any word will do that implies the conveying of this creature from his dusky home in the bog to the more limited regions of a quart glass jar. The mode of capture is as follows: As soon as a slimy green pond has been found, the scientific party gathers around in order that every one may do his part nobly and well. As soon as he sees a bubble in the water he must dive in and feel for the frog; if, for any reason whatever, and those reasons do seem numerous, he fails to make a grab at this spot, it's the bounden duty of his neighbor on either side to pounce down upon him and push him in to fulfil his duty. This is meant to further the moral as well as the intellectual training. Having experienced this on various and odd occasions, the present writer can affirm that the sensations are altogether novel. When out on our last excursion our president's new bathing suit was slightly bespattered by the gyrations of a handsome bull frog.

OBITUARY TO "THE CROAKER."

DEAR SENIOR A'S AND CLASSMATES: It is not right that the well-known, highly-respected and much-beloved croaker should be allowed to leave this late scene of action in silence. We have said farewell to the dear departed who served us infallibly with an untiring devotion that has known no reserve, a cheerfulness that never ceased, a smile that ever extended from ear to ear. His manifold and multifarious manipulations were ever forcible. The muscular qualities of his webbed appendages were an indubitable manifestation of his energetic soul. What caused his death? As above proven, his disposition was faultless. Of physiological improvement there was none possible; that wild green jacket, that white vest and orange tunic equalled in their own unsurpassable perfection "Solomon in all his glory." His fault, let us not call it fault, but say non-psychological soul, was the immediate cause of his decease. His emotions were not controlled. Always attentive to the demands of histological investigation, he ever best enjoyed the psychology lectures from afar; in other words, he "cut class"; when he didn't want a thing he didn't take it. His emotional nature then ran rampant. He never learned the wisdom of inlibition, and when, alas, his exquisite qualifications were daily displayed for the admiration of the vulgar crowd, modesty, the beautiful modesty of a singleness of motive—to sing first in the slimy bog—overcame him, and he died a virtuous, modest creature to the last, died showing his disapproval of inquisitiveness in any shape, form or direction. He has gone, our magnificent croaker, where scientific nuisances do not dwell nor thieves kidnap and kill. He will sing no more his piercing treble, display no more his appendicular beauty, suffer no more from a too impressionable nature. Rejoice, then, comrades, in the memory of his virtuous life and heed the seeming moral of his death: "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

MY ENTRANCE INTO THE JUNIOR B. CLASS.

WHEN I came to the Normal School I entered the lowest class, but now I have worked my way up to the Junior B. It was with a happy heart that I left the Normal last June, for I had been promoted to the Junior B. class. The members of my former class had been known as

the "Busy B's," and very well did I see why they were so called. Then thought I, "My hardest work is over," but now I think otherwise. In September, when I went into my class-room, I felt I were in the same old place, for there were the familiar faces of my teachers and classmates. But when it came to work it was different. I find that taking notes on literature, writing narratives and descriptions, and such, are by no means play; but what Mr. Cunningham insists on having—*work*. Never had I known that there were so many circles and curves until Astronomy presented itself to me.

My companions need not be surprised to receive by me a cut in the head. I am not very savage in nature, but maybe I would take a head for a sphere, and suddenly cut a piece off by passing a plane through it.

I need not mention all of the changes. Enough that I have vaguely told you of my work and of my surprise at the work.

LILLIE BLAND, Feb., '98.

THERE is a Tennis Club here, through which much benefit and pleasure have been derived. Miss Pritchett is the organizer of the club, and there are about twenty members in school, with Mr. Ivanhoe Robertson and Miss Eloise Coulling as honorary members.

WE have a regular Progressive Whist Club, whose members while away many a Friday night in the company of kings, queens and jacks. Fun?

THE fact that our girls are a brave set is clearly shown by the large frogs, snakes, bugs, lizards, and other reptiles and insects which are triumphantly borne to the dissecting room on Wednesday afternoons by members of the Naturalists' Club, which is under the auspices of Misses Reynolds and Patteson.

THE train was about to start, and a party of thirty-five Normal girls, under the supervision of Mr. Cox, were in a fever of impatience to be off. It was Easter Monday, and we were going to Richmond to spend the day. We are off at last, not to return until late that night. After having arrived in Richmond, and being met by several "cousins," we started to visit the different places of interest. It was nearly 12 o'clock when we reached home that night, and if ever a number of girls hailed home joyfully it was ourselves.

A PARTY of young ladies from this School went out with Nellie Morton to her home, about a mile from town, Easter Monday to spend the day. They had a most enjoyable time playing cards and tennis.

A NUMBER of Normal girls attended the oratorical contest at Hampden-Sidney May 8th. Our chaperones, Mrs. Morrison and Miss Stone, made the drive extremely pleasant. The orations delivered by Messrs. Burr, of Washington and Lee; Hill, of Randolph-Macon; Shelton, of Hampden-Sidney, and Shenk, of Roanoke, are long to be remembered by us. Although the medal was given to Mr. Shenk, most of us were in favor of our nearest neighbor, Hampden-Sidney, or Washington and Lee.

Effie Hathaway, who left school on account of illness, has improved.

We are sorry to say that Frank Verser, one of our Practice School children, received a severe injury while playing during recess last week. He is now improving.

Our friends, Rosalie, Alma, and Lillie Bland have lost their mother since our last issue. Laura Baldwin has returned from Richmond, where she has been under medical treatment. Mary Sparks returned home in May on account of illness. The Alumnæ will meet in June. A banquet will be given in their honor.

NORMALISMS.

It is all over. The good-byes are said to all my friends except the few that are on the train with me. How joyful we feel, and what a jolly time we are having! Just think only yesterday we gave in our books, and a week ago we were hard at work, analyzing some physics problem or puzzling our brains over our final essay, and to-day we are free. Our thoughts are not long concentrated on one thing, but they keep taking us back to the time when we were all studying together, and to our friends with whom we have parted. How sad it is to think that some of them we will never meet again! Our thoughts now turn, for another friend has to leave us, the train stops, and in a few minutes is travelling at its usual rate. One by one the girls get off at the different stations until I am the only school-girl on the train. Only two miles to go and I will be at my depot. How glad I will be to see my home people! I fancy that I see them now smiling as they greet me, and telling me what a long time it has been since I left home, and how rejoiced they are that the nine months are past. I can see the station now; yes, my brother is on the platform. He sees me, he is waving his handkerchief to me. What is that I hear? Is it the train stopping at the station? What a peculiar noise it makes! I start. It is the fifteen minutes' bell ringing, and I must hurry to dress in time for breakfast.

Mr. Alfred Morrison spent Easter with his mother.

Mr. William Goodykoontz, of East Radford, came to see his sister Ida on May 8th.

Mr. J. D. Moffet, of Montgomery county, visited his daughters on April 25th.

Mary Bruce Hargrove left school on the 5th of May on account of sickness.

We were all glad to welcome our beloved "grandfather," General Taliaferro, once more with the other members of the board, April 28th. The speeches made by the trustees in chapel were enjoyed by all, and our kind friends were seemingly much pleased with our work.

Mr. W. E. Gaines, of Burkville, visited his sister Lillian on the 8th of May.

Maggie Spencer is expected here soon to visit her friend Hattie Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Gills, of Powhatan, visited their daughter Lula the 10th of May.

Dr. Abner Hopkins, of West Virginia, visited the Normal on May 7th. He gave an interesting talk in the Assembly Hall.

Mr. W. H. Rhodes visited his daughter Marie in April.

Roy White, of Richmond College, visited his cousin, Adele Lewis, in April.

Mr. L. R. Warren, of William and Mary College, on his way to the oratorical contest held at Hampden-Sidney May 7th, stopped over in Farmville to see his sister Odelle.

Mr. Jerry Y. Plummer Deal, of Norfolk, spent several days in town visiting his sister Emma.

Gertrude Lewis has been teaching school in the Isle of Wight county for the past five years.

Lulie Beal, a former student of the school, is now attending the Blackstone Institute..

Sue Boyd, who taught near her home last term, is now at home.

Nancy N. Shafer is now a substitute teacher in the Berkley public schools.

Mattie Lee Cunningham, of Farmville, who has been teaching at Rice's, has returned home to spend her vacation.

Ida DuVal, a former student of this school, is teaching near her home in New Kent county. Fannie Blanton is teaching in Gloucester county.

Lizzie Wray, one of our last year's girls, is visiting Lizzie Wicker, of Farmville.

Miss Fannie Walker, who was here for a short time last term, is now completing her course in the Senior B class.

Misses Smithson and Holland, '96, have returned from Ruffner's Institute, where they taught during the winter.

Mary Neal, '96, is now teaching a public school at Center Cross, Virginia.

Elizabeth Hatcher, June, '96, is now studying music and literature in Richmond.

Lily Walton, '96, spent a few days with her sister Linda.

Marie Slaughter, '97, is now taking a course in the Normal.

Ida Cofer, '97, has visited relatives in Roanoke since she left the Normal.

Mamie Williams, of Courtland, is teaching near her home.

Mary E. Campbell, '91, has resigned her position in West Virginia, and will teach in Hampton next session.

Effie Shell, '94, now holds a position as principal of one of the public schools of Norfolk county.

Lottie Davidson, June, '95, who has been teaching in Brunswick county, is now at home again.

Ethelyn Jones, '96, visited her sister Maude in May.

Russell Neale, June, '96, is teaching at Bowler's, Essex county.

Marguerite Carroll, '96, will take Miss Littleton's place as teacher of Chemistry next session.

Mary H. Taylor, June, '96, is teaching near her home in Amherst county.

We had strawberries for the first time Saturday, May the 8th.

It has been generally understood that there are to be no commencement exercises held here this year, and now it is said that no dress but shirt-waist and skirt is to be allowable during the last few days that we are here. It is thought that many girls will be forced to get very beautiful shirt-waists and skirts, for "when a woman wills—she wills."

MARRIAGES.

Sallie E. Boisseau, a former student of this school, was married to Mr. Walter Branch, April 7, 1897, both of Dinwiddie county.

Loveline Ewing, '93, was married to Mr. C. H. Wall, of Richmond, on the 29th of April.

Lena Walton, '93, was married to Mr. E. D. Robertson, of Charlotte county, last month.

Rhoda Reynolds, a former student of this school, was married to Mr. Charlie Knuckles, of Pittsylvania, on April 29th.

Elizabeth E. Michie, '92, of Albemarle county, was married to Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Bedford county, on April the 29th.

Sue Raney, '95, of Brunswick county, was married to Mr. Short, of the same county, April 14th.

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METALLIC AND ALL STYLES
WOOD COFFINS ON HAND.



Furniture.



